

possible to procure flowers, they should be taken. Should the person visited be poor and unable to procure reading matter, a good work might be done by leaving a bright, entertaining book, or other helpful literature. Should he be too sick to receive callers, a card left at the door, with the names of the sub-committee and the society, would often prove a bit of very real pleasure. "I was sick and ye visited me."—*Forward.*

MISSIONARY ITEMS.

ABOUT ARMENIA.

Only half the population of Armenia consists of Armenians, the remainder being Turks who dwell in the large cities and Kurds who live in the mountain villages.

Travel is exceedingly difficult on account of the roads being mere paths and dangerous on account of brigands and robbers.

The wretched government has brought it about that very little of the soil is cultivated so that famines are frequent. The rich mineral resources of the country have never been developed.

To conceal the thefts and injustice of their officials the Turkish government changes them frequently and their official books are purposely thrown into confusion.

The name Armenia is not permitted to be used in Turkey. Kurdistan is the official title of this division of the empire.

Armenia is several times referred to in the Bible. There on the mountains of Ararat the ark rested and during the time of the kings it is twice mentioned.

The tales of horror that have come to us during the past two years are enough to make the stones cry out. The butcheries run far up into the ten thousands. Murders have been accompanied with the most shocking tortures.

It was hoped that little Greece might accomplish what the servile nations of Europe have not the moral courage to do in the dismemberment of Turkey but it seems the end is not yet.

Many are convinced however from the prophecies that this is the year for this power to be "broken without hand" and the "times of the Gentiles" to end.

The "Eastern question" is full of interest but other countries are also passing thro a crisis. The next book in the Missionary Reading circle course is "*Our Country*," by Josiah Strong. It is a marvelous book and arouses intense interest in home missions. The secretary will be glad to send literature to any one or enroll new readers now.

C. F. YODER.

Home Circle.

DOES ANY ONE CARE FOR FATHER?

Does any one care for the father?

Does any one think of the one
Upon whose tired, bent shoulders
The cares of the family come—
The father who strives for your comfort,
And toils from day unto day,
Although his steps ever grow slower,
And his dark locks are turning gray?

Does any one think of the due-bills

He's called upon daily to pay?
Milliner bills, college bills, book bills—
There are some kind of bills every day.
Like a patient horse in a tread-mill,

He works on from morning till night,
Does any one think he is tired?

Does any one make his home bright?

Is it right, just because he looks troubled?

To say he's as cross as a bear?

Kind words, little actions, and kindness
Might banish his burden of care.

'Tis for you he's ever so anxious,

He will toil for you while he may live;

In return he only asks kindness,

And such pay is easy to give.

—Selected.

WHAT NOT TO DO AT HOME.

Don't fret. Fretting irritates and annoys listeners, without bringing comfort or cheer to the fretter. Don't fret.

Don't talebear. Talebearing is not apt to bear good fruit, the product too often being unhealthy, specky, and rotten. Don't talebear.

Don't grumble. Whatever else you do, don't grumble, unless you have something really worth grumbling about, and even then don't spin your grumbings out interminably. Don't grumble.

Don't talk unduly. There is a time to talk and a time not to talk, as decidedly as there is "a time to laugh" and a "time to cry." Don't talk unless you have something to say worth talking about. Don't talk unduly.

Don't pout. Pouting should always be done in the back yard, never "before folks." Don't pout.—*Sabbath School Visitor.*

A FABLE.

(FOR THOSE CHILDREN WHO WILL PUT OFF TO DAY'S WORK TILL TO-MORROW.)

"Why do you work so hard," said the willow to the mill wheel, as she dipped her branches lazily into the stream that turned it.

"Because I've a great deal to do, ma'am and I'm sorry to say I was idle all day yesterday," said the mill wheel.

"Well, you needn't go so fast, at all events," said the willow; "it quite tires me to look at you."

"Ah! but I must, you see, ma'am; for I heard the miller say this morning that

if this dry weather went on much longer he was afraid the brook would get too shallow to turn me; and then where should I be?"

"You needn't trouble yourself about that," said the willow; "there's plenty of water to last you all the summer. Why, I can see it sparkling in the sun a mile off."

"True, ma'am," said the mill wheel; "but unhappily, if there were an ocean there it would be of no use to me. You forget that it never comes back when it has once gone past me."—*Mrs. Prosser.*

A LITTLE FORETHOUGHT.

A little forethought will often save us much worry and great agitation. In fact, it is a wise forethought that puts us right in everything we undertake to do, and makes the doing of it either a success or a failure. For example:

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich.

It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong.

It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned.

It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful.

It is not a few faint wishes, but a life-long struggle, that makes us valiant.—*Sabbath School Visitor.*

TEDDY'S ERRAND FOR JESUS.

Teddy took the place of papa's errand boy, who was at home that week with a severe cold. He had many errands to do. Up and down the streets he traveled with many a bundle till his small limbs ached, and he was glad when the last errand was done and he could start for home. There had been a cold, drizzling rainstorm all day, and the thought of the cheery wood fire in the grate at home and the new magazine he had not read caused him to quicken his steps a little, I presume.

He had not gone far when he overtook Tommy Lane. Tommy was crying, and seemed to be in trouble. The sidewalk was strewn with potatoes, and a broken paper bag told the story.

Now Tommy is a boy whom Teddy doesn't especially like—indeed, he considers him one of the most disagreeable he knows. Tommy is one of those boys who would rather cry when things go wrong than try to find a way to set them right; but that didn't hinder Teddy from trying to help him in this emergency.

His first plan was to fill their pockets with the potatoes, but the pockets proved unequal to the demand made upon them; so Ted very ingeniously made a basket of his umbrella, and walked all the way home